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Positive Aspects

Although the first of October will see great many cellagene dealers, there will be quite a colony remain through the coming month, and in some cases, no dealers will not close their places until after Thanksgiving. Among these are the Calvin Brice, Cornelius and Fred Vanderbilts, H. M. Brooks, L. L. Gaults, and a number of smaller operators.

Lord Dunraven completes his Newport visit to-day and sails for England on the *Vaillaba*, as guest of Mr. Laycock. The young ladies remain at the *Wilton's* until Monday sailing from New York, Wednesday, in company with Hon. and Mrs. Michael Herbert.

Sir Julian Pauncefote is with the British Embassy at their headquarters on Redwood street. Since his arrival on Saturday last, he has been the guest of honor, each evening, at cottage dinner parties.

Wednesday, Baz-Frontides, an attaché of the embassy, gave a picnic at Lawton's Valley in return for the many courtesies shown him and his comrade during their Newport visit.

Mrs. William Post, Mrs. Calvin Brice, Mrs. S. F. Berger, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mrs. George B. DeForest, Mrs. R. T. Wilson, J. J. Van Allen, Mrs. I. T. Hurdon, Mrs. W. F. Borden, and the Misses Gilbert have entertained at dinner during the past week.

The engagement was announced on Wednesday of Miss Mollie Hunter, the youngest daughter of Mrs. T.R. Hunter, to Mr. Bhsster Howard of San Francisco. Miss Hunter is well known in Newport and New York society circles. During the last three years she has been travelling in Europe with a party of friends.

Department Commander Daniel R. Fallon and staff will pay an official visit to General G. K. Warren Post G. A. R., next Wednesday evening.

Dr. W. C. Steadman has returned from a visit to Canada.

MIDDLETOWN.

The Council convened as a Board of Canvassers at the Town Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, the 21st inst., and conferred and completed the voting lists for the Town Meeting held on Wednesday. A bare quorum only was present and included Messrs. Isaac A. Sherman, Arthur I. Peckham and Leonard H. Rydbeck.

In Court of Probate, the petitions of Annette M. Ellis and others, to appoint Lyman H. Barker, Guardian of William Probekem and Ann Sarah his wife, and which had been assigned for hearing on Saturday, were again continued and to the third Monday of October. The petitioners representing their inability to procure important witnesses to testify in the matter.

In Town Council the Town Treasurer was authorized to have the Town Hall repaneled upon the expiration of the present policy running against the same, and which matures in October of the present year.

TOWN MEETING.—As anticipated the attendance at the special Town Meeting on Wednesday was light and up to the noon hour scarce twenty votes were cast on the proposed amendment to the Constitution. Some fifty electors came to the polls between noon and three o'clock and brought up the vote to 20. One elector, number 25 voted for approval and 51 to reject and one ballot was defective from erroneous marking. The freemen of Middletown do not naturally like to charge in the formidable tal law of the state and the one resubmitted to them on Wednesday takes its onerous provisions as in their present state of doubtful expediency. The plan of saving in expense by less frequent elections, was exceedingly transparent when considered with some of the other questionable features of the proposed amendment. And more than this it is a mere change in the legislation of the General Assembly and a prejudicial proposition of the people's representatives to no detriment for extending the term of office of the state's representatives.

It was expected that a resolution would be taken on a proposition authorizing a further draft on the treasury by the Town Council, for widening and improving Greendale Lane. However it was found on Wednesday morning that no plan for the improvement of this highway had been made nor any estimate had been made by the State Commissioner of Highways had been received to map and profile there, and too late to prepare a plan. There had been tardities in making the required survey and the Commissioner had not sample opportunity to make his own estimates. There being no data hard to judge of what would be done proposed to be done in the premises the electors were not disposed to take a leap in the dark and consequently voting was done on this proposition. Soon after three o'clock the polls were closed and not much time being left for the electors to turn out, a seal upon the ballots the town meeting was dissolved quite early in the day.

FROM WALL STREET
TO NEWGATE.

By AUSTIN BIDWELL.

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CHAPTER VI.

Although I had the very respectable balance of \$65,000 at the bank, I had not as yet seen my arrival in London paid. This was in pursuance of our plan. So far I had only done business with the superintendents, and none of the people at the top had ever heard of me. But we determined that they should not long remain in ignorance of the great American contractor, F. A. Warren.

Three months had elapsed since our departure from London on our piratical tour to the Spanish main. In all nearly five months had passed since Green had introduced me to the old lady whose imprudent vaults we had now at last determined to loot. That in itself was a favorable circumstance, as it would give me a chance to flourish in a grandly indefinite way to the effect that I had for some time been a customer of the bank, and none of the officials would probably take the trouble to ascertain how very brief, in fact, my acquaintance had been.

I left London by the night mail from Victoria station for Paris, the first of many hurried trips I took to the continent on the business we had entered upon. Truly we worked hard, spent money lavishly, brought all our power and genius to work—for what? To have the lightning fall and pitch us from our earthly heaven into prison's hell.

Upon my arrival I drove at once to the Hotel Bristol, Place Vendôme, a swell hotel, where upon but the great size of the earth could afford to stop.

Here I registered as F. A. Warren, London, and at once sent off the following letter:

F. M. Francis, Esq., Manager Bank of England, London.

DEAR SIR:—I am a customer of the bank. Therefore I take the liberty of troubling you in the hope to have the benefit of your advice. Will you kindly inform me what good 4 per cent stocks are to be had in the market; also if the bank will transact the business for me? I remain very truly yours, F. A. WARREN.

By return mail came a letter wherein I was advised to invest in India 4 per cent or London Gas. I wrote an immediate order to have the bank purchase £10,000 of India stock and sent my check for that amount, on his own bank, payable to the order of the manager. I received the stock, instantly sold it and replaced the money to my credit, and the next day sent off an order for £10,000 Gas stock and repeated the operation until I had made the impression I wanted to make on the mind of the manager, so that when I returned to London for my decisive interview and sent in my card he would at once recognize the name, F. A. Warren, as the multimillionaire American who had been sending him £10,000 checks from Paris.

After the checks narrated in the last chapter I returned to London. I arrived early in the morning, and meeting my companions we had a long and anxious talk over my near approaching and all important interview with that great sir of the London world, the manager of the Bank of England. Happy for us if, in that interview, the manager had asked for the customary references or had used ordinary business precaution and investigated me, or indeed had acted as any ordinary business man would have done under ordinary circumstances.

Our known conclusions were that the fact that I was already a depositor, together with the impression made by the letters and my £10,000 checks, would put the thing through. Yet we of course felt that a thousand things could arise to block our way effectively. A look, a word, a shadow or a smile in my face might ruin all, but still, after providing so far as possible for every contingency, after planning what was to be said or left unsaid at the interview, after my companions filling me full of advice, we felt, after all, that everything must be left to my discretion to say and to act as I thought best.

This council of war was held in my room in the Grosvenor. I had arrived from Paris at 6 o'clock. Mac and I breakfasted together at 8. George joined us at 9, and we talked until 10, and then we set out together for the bank. Arriving there, they remained outside watching for my reappearance. Entering the bank, I sent in my card—F. A. Warren—by a liveried flunky and was immediately ushered into the manager's parlor. He has long since gone over to the majority, so here I will not so much as name or describe him. Sufficient to say that as soon as I set eyes upon him I thought that we would have no particular difficulty in carrying out our plans.

The manager, who had been told that I was a railroad contractor, expressed himself highly gratified to have me do my business through the bank and said they would do all in their power to accommodate me. I told him that of course I was furnishing large sums and would require more or less discounts before the year was out. Then I came away, and meeting my two friends outside of the bank in answer to their eager inquiries as to what had transpired I told them that so far as the bank officials were concerned our way to the vaults of the bank was wide open.

So ended the last scene of act I. The next day I went to the Continental bank in Lombard street and bought eight exchange on Paris for 200,000 francs, paying for it by a check on the Bank of England. I was given a note of identification to the Paris agent of the bank.

That night I left Victoria station for Paris. At 10 the next morning I had my money, and going to the Place de la Bourse, near the exchange, I commissioned a broker, who was a member of the exchange, to purchase bills in London for £8,000. I cautioned him to buy bills drawn only on well known banking houses. About 3 o'clock he had the bills ready. I paid him the amount, along with his commission, and examining the paper found he had purchased for me about what I wanted.

I will explain, for the benefit of any reader not conversant with financial transactions, that if John Russell, cotton broker in Savannah, ships a thousand bales of cotton to a firm in Man-

chester, the firm in Manchester authorizes him to draw a bill of exchange on their firm, payable at some London bank at three or six months' time, for the value of the cotton. We will say the price is £10,000. Russell draws ten bills for £1,000 each, say, payable at the Union bank of London. He gives these bills to a money broker in Savannah, who sells them on the exchange and gets for them whatever the rate of exchange may then be on London. The president of the Georgia Central railroad may have ordered a thousand tons of steel rails in England for his road, and to pay for them he orders a broker to buy for him bills on London to the amount of the cost of the rails. He purchases the Russell bills, and these bills of exchange he sends in payment to the steel rail manufacturers in England; so, as a matter of fact, the president of the Georgia Central pays Russell for his thousand bales of cotton, but has the bills of exchange. So, in place of £10,000 in gold being freighted twice across the ocean, the ten pieces of paper cross only once. These ten bills for £1,000 each, drawn on the Union bank of London at six months, in due time are presented at that bank and are duly accepted.

Instead of commercial notes or bills they are now known as acceptances and are just as good as a bank note. Therefore if the owner, no matter who he is, wants the money at once any bank will discount all or either for the face value, less the interest. In every commercial center of the world these accepted bills are being discounted by banks and moneyed corporations for enormous sums, but by no bank in the world is such huge amounts as by the Bank of England. Its daily discounts run into the millions.

What our plan was will be made clear later.

The evening of the day of my arrival in Paris found me on the express speeding to Calais. Two hours past midnight I was on the miserable little passenger steamer that plies across the choppy channel and which I suppose has seen more of human misery than all the fleets that sail the Atlantic, for the channel has strong countercurrents, and wind, tide and currents seem ever to be in violent opposition, and here

For across the main doth float
A sad and solemn swell,
Too wild, fantastic, fitful note
Of Triton's breathing shell.

And Triton (old Neptune's other name) makes all passers over this part of his realm pay ample tribute for "his fantastic, fitful note."

The Paris night express lands one at early dawn in London, nearly always weak on the legs, however. I breakfasted with Mac, and after that took the bills to the various banks on which they were drawn, and leaving them for acceptance I called again the next day and received them back, bearing across the face the magic words:

LONDON, Aug. 14, 1892.

Accepted for the Union Bank of London.

E. BARCLAY, Manager.

J. WATLAND, Assistant Manager.

Then I hurried to the Grosvenor, and we all looked at them with curiosity, for it was upon the initiation of just such acceptances that our whole plan was based.

Of course the success or failure of our whole plan turned upon this point. Is it the custom of the Bank of England (in 1873) to send acceptances offered for discount to the acceptors for verification of signatures?

This is always done in America, and had this very requisite precaution been used by the Bank of England our plan would have been fruitless.

Taking my deposit book and the genuine bills, I went to the bank and left the bills for discount. This was at once done, and the amount placed to my credit. I drew £10,000, and that night found me once more one of 500 unfortunate paying tribute to Neptune. This time I landed at Ostend and took the train for Amsterdam. There I repeated the Paris operation, securing £10,000 in genuine bills. I returned to London and as before left them for acceptance. Then my companion manufactured a lot of imitations and put them away with those previously manufactured to be all ready when the day came to use them. The genuine bills were then discounted.

All the details of events leading through the long summer and autumn days of 1872 up to the hour when the golden shower began to fall on us are of intense, even dramatic, interest. I will not, however, lengthen the narrative by giving here any further account of them, but will merely relate the story of the last five days before the actual presentation of our loans brewed acceptances.

The bank had been discounting for weeks comparatively large sums for me of the genuine article, and our imitation was a close copy. Many thousands of pounds of the genuine article discounted for me had matured and had been paid, and more thousands were still in the vaults awaiting maturity and would fall due while our home manufactured bills would be laid away in the vaults, there to remain for four or five months until due. Of course a full month or two months before that we could pack our baggage and be on the other side of the world.

But, as the sequel will show, the reality took on a different complexion from the ideal.

My credit at the bank was solid as a rock. That means I had gone through the red tape routine. It only behooved us to use circumspection enough to avoid making mistakes in our papers, and fortune was ours. I knew everything was all right, but George, being a thorough business man himself, could not comprehend that it could be quite right, and he insisted upon one supreme test.

Any single bill of exchange is seldom drawn for more than £1,000, rarely for £2,000, and one of £8,000 is almost unheard of. But George had made up his mind that as a test, and to make an impression upon the bank manager, I should go to Paris and get a bill on London from Rothschilds drawn to the order of F. A. Warren direct. Could this be done it would of course make it appear that I had intimate relations with the Rothschilds, and as a minor consideration we could use the Rothschilds' acceptance—a pretty nifty thing to do.

Sir Anthony de Rothschild, the head of the London house, whose name we proposed to offer, was a director of the Bank of England and would have to

pass his own paper for discount—that is, paper bearing his name, manufactured by ourselves.

We tried to talk George out of this notion, which Mac and I regarded as a freak unnecessary in the first place and impossible anyhow. But he was persistent, and I had to start out and try. At Calais I took my place in what the French call a coupe—that is, the end compartment on a car, which, by paying 10 francs extra, you can occupy alone. I had fallen into a sound sleep before the train started and was aroused from it to find myself hurled about the compartment much as a stout boy would shake a mouse in a cage and quite as helpless.

Our train was off the track. My carriage was near the engine, and the momentum of the long train forced the car in the rear of mine up and end, and it appeared as if it would fall over and crush me. I thought my hour had come, and I cried out, "At last!" There was no fear or terror in it, but merely the thought that after many months of almost incessant travel, and necessity of peril, "at last" my fate had come. It had not. How good heaven could have been if it had sent me to my doom then and there.

The accident had occurred at Marquise, a small town 15 miles from Calais and four from Boulogne, the first stopping place of the express. Two were killed and half of the remaining passengers injured. My own injuries were slight and consisted of trifling cuts on the face and hands from flying glass. But, far worse than that, I had received a nervous shock which took some weeks to wear off, and during the rest of my journey to Paris and return to London I was as nervous as a timid woman. I staid at Marquise until noon, when the express passing at that hour made a special stop to pick me up.

The read from Paris to Calais is known as the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the Paris Rothschilds, is the president of the road. This fact occurred to me within a few minutes of the accident, and I thought I might make use of the affair as a means to help me in my business at Paris. I arrived about dark, went to the Grand hotel, registered as C. J. Horton, London, and went to bed at once. My nerves were so shaken that I was timid even when in the elevator,

but I slept well and awoke at daylight feeling better.

At 10 o'clock, limping badly and leaning on a cane, I entered a carriage and drove to the Maison Rothschild, Rue La Fayette. The banking house might well be called a palace. The various offices open upon a courtyard, while the whole architecture of the building would suggest the residence of an officer of state or nobleman rather than a building devoted to finance. But the currents which enter there are potent and far-reaching and come richly laden with tribute from the four quarters of the world. To win that tribute slaves toil, and, toiling, die in Brazilian diamond mines, and thousands of coolies entrapped by agents in China and India enter into perditional contracts which commit them to hopeless slavery and send them to wear out their lives in despairing toil amid the pungent and ungodly ammunitions of the mines of the islands of Chile and Peru.

The Rothschilds, too, own the Alhambra quicksilver mine and others. Controlling the quicksilver industries of the world, and to swell their abnormal hoard, perdition in its vastness, other poor wretches, condemned under form of law, are doomed to days of wearing toil, and their bones rotting from quicksilver absorption, to nights of racking pains. So, too, far Siberia contributes its quota of human misery that the golden stream of interest on century old loans may have no interruption, but pour on unceasingly into the vaults of the Rothschilds.

Alighting from the carriage and mounting the steps with difficulty, I entered the English department, and seating myself awaited the manager's presence. He came, and expressing great concern when he learned I was a victim of the Marquise disaster asked what he could do for me. I replied I wanted to see the baron. He disappeared into a range of offices, and presently told Baron Alphonse I was some important personage, doubly important because injured on his road.

Soon a slight, sallow man of about 45 appeared, wearing an old-fashioned stovepipe hat and a shabby suit of sun-colored, faded garments. The look of the attendants testified that the deity was before me. Taking off his antiquated chapeau, he began a profuse apology for the accident, explaining that accidents were most unusual events in France; that he would order his own physician to attend me; that I should have every attention without the slightest charge or expense to myself, etc., and ended by saying I was to command him if he could serve me. In return I told him since he was so distressed over the accident and my plight I should say no more about either, but as I was too badly shaken to complete the business on which I had come to Paris I should request him to instruct his subordinates to aid me in transmitting the funds I had brought from London back again.

He called the manager and told him to accommodate me in anything; then, shaking hands and with many expressions of regret, he withdrew. I told the manager I wanted a three months' bill on London for \$6,000. He informed me that the house of Rothschild was not issuing time bills, but since the baron's order suspended the rule in my case he would procure me six bills for £1,000 each. These really were just as good for our purpose as one bill for £6,000, but I had come to Paris on my brother's demand that I should procure one bill for this unusual amount, so perforce I had to say "No," that I wanted one bill only.

The manager began to remonstrate, saying it was unusual and wanted to explain the nature of bill of exchange, but I cut him short, bidding him recall the baron at once. The thought of recalling that Jupiter to repeat an order was enough to send a thrill through the entire staff, and he instantly said, "Oh, sir, if you wish the £6,000 in one bill you shall have it, but it will involve some delay." So paying him £50,000 francs on account I ordered the bill sent to me at 2 o'clock precisely at the Grand hotel and drove off to the Louvre, where

I spent two hours in the picture gallery.



Taking off his antiquated chapeau he began a profuse apology.

At 2 o'clock I was at the hotel, and an attendant came with the bill, and pointing to a signature on it informed me it was that of a cabinet minister, equivalent to our secretary of the treasury, certifying that the tax due the government on the bill was paid. He explained the revenue stamp required upon a bill of exchange was one-eighth of 1 percent of the face of the bill, making the tax on my single bill 187 francs, or about \$37. All bills are stamped in a registering machine, which presses the stamp into the paper, but there were no registering machines for a stamp of so high a denomination as 187 francs either in the branch revenue office in the Rothschild bank or at the treasury, so the baron had taken the bill to the treasury himself and got the cabinet minister to put his autograph on it—probably the first and only time in history that such a thing had been done. I wanted very much indeed to keep that bill as a curiosity, but then the necessity of the time was on me and I was not then a collector of curios.

What diligence and strict attention to business do men exhibit when they start out to wreck their own lives and break the hearts of those near to them! In a play by a modern writer one scene presents satan flying at midnight over one of our cities, while the drunken songs and jorgon shouts of some gilded regular rise in the night. The merry songs and laughter are music to the ears of Lucifer. He pauses in his flight to listen, and as the songs and shouts increase in volume he looks down, and with a bitter snarl soliloquizes thus of them:

You are my boudoir and my thrills.
Your lives I fill with bitter pain.

And that sums it up pretty well, but we must look straight away from the entrance of the Primrose Way to the exit.

Well, I had successfully played my trump card on the Rothschilds, and not seeing the end I thought I had won, and cleverly now, so before sitting down to dinner I went to the telegraph office and telegraphed to my partners:

"The Egyptians all pass I over the Red sea, but the Hebrews are drowned therein."

Thinking this rather witty, I went to dinner well satisfied.

There was a friend, a very old friend of mine, residing in Hartford, Edwin Noyes by name.

He arrived ten days later, and at a little dinner given in his honor we told him our plot.

On several occasions I had gone to Jay Cooke & Co., in Lombard street, and purchased bonds under the name of F. A. Warren, and giving checks in payment upon the Bank of England. So one day I went there with Noyes and purchased \$20,000 in bonds, giving my check for them. I then introduced Noyes as my clerk, directing them to deliver any bonds I bought to him at any time. The next day he called, and they gave him the bonds which I had given my check for the day before, so there was no necessity any longer for me to come in person to make purchases. Noyes could appear there any day, give an order for bonds, secure a bill for them, and in half an hour bring a Warren check for the amount of the bill, pretending, of course, that he had got it from me, but really getting it from Mac, leaving the check for collection and to call the next day for the bonds.

The same day that I introduced him to Jay Cooke & Co. I took him to the Bank of England at a busy time of day, and while drawing £2,000 I casually introduced him to the paying teller as my clerk, requesting the teller to pay him any checks I sent. Then for the next few days I had Noyes take checks to the bank and had him order two or three small lots of bonds from Jay Cooke & Co., so that they became familiarized with seeing him come on my business.

The plan was complete at last. Everything was ready to carry out our scheme in perfect safety to all, and as related in the beginning of the chapter I was now on my way to the bank for my last visit with the Rothschild bill in my hand. Many payments were

(Continued on third page.)

What Shall I Do?

Is the earnest, almost agonizing cry of weak, tired, nervous women, and crowded, overworked, struggling men. Slight difficulties, ordinary cares, household work or daily labor, magnify themselves into seemingly impassable mountains.

This is simply because the nerves are weak, the bodily organs debilitated, and they do not

Take proper nourishment. Feed the nerves, organs and tissues on rich red blood, and how soon the glow of health comes to the pale cheeks, firmness to the unsteady hand, and strength to the faltering limb.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood and is thus the best friend to unfortunate humanity. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. All druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

What is
CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing-Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Cords, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.
"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
Dr. G. O. Osceola,
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Castoria.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular product, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. F. Knickerbocker,
Covington, Ark.

Allen C. Settle, Pres.,
The Castoria Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

SAME OLD GAMES.

WE ARE PLAYING THOSE INVENTED BY THE ANCIENTS.

The American Indians Played Baseball, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, Chess and Checkers. Date From Away Back—Novelties In Games Rarely Catch On.

Few of the hundreds of new games that are invented every year become popular. They may be seen in any toy store by the score—hundreds of games and parlor games, games of cards and games of ball, games for young and for old. They are a melancholy sight, for not one of them will ever take the place of the old standbys of infancy and boyhood. Even the names of most of them will never be heard of by the majority of American boys and girls. This is the logic of history.

It seems an easy matter to invent a game. The best games are so simple, yet a popular game was never yet invented. Every one of them has grown, and the best of them have been growing for hundreds of years. Scientific men tell us that all sorts of queer creatures once lived on this earth—great lizards with wings; sea monsters, half whale, half seal, and rhinoceroses larger than elephants. All these have died away because they were not fitted to live, while those animals that were fit for life have gone on growing better and better, till some—the horse, for instance—we could not do without. It is just so with games. Those live that are fit to live, and the rest die.

Our best games form a sort of aristocracy. Their pedigrees run back to very ancient times, and no modern upstart can compete with them. Take baseball and cricket, for instance, probably the most popular outdoor games of modern times, the one in our own country, the other in England. They are first cousins, and their hold on American and English boys is in all probability due to the fact that they each went two strong lines of descent—that of the bat and ball games—to which tennis, lacrosse, hockey, croquet and, more distantly, billiards also belong, and that of the goal games, such as tag, pass in the corner, I say and dozens of others.

All the nations we know anything about had bat and ball games ages ago. Nobody invented the bat and ball. They grew up from our civilization from the time when little savages used to knock about a pebble or a fruit with a stick. So with the goal games—they have always been popular. Their name is still legion. The goal part—that is, the run-

ning from base to base—is a much more important part of the game in baseball than it is in cricket, and for this reason we Americans are justified in looking upon baseball as the better game, all other things being equal. To be sure, neither baseball nor cricket is the game it was 300 years ago, but both have grown, not changed.

Any one who chooses may trace the growth of cricket from the year 1300. It is not as easy to trace the pedigree of baseball, for, just as with a great many American families, there is a break in the record back in colonial times. It is known to have been played by the Indians. It is a thoroughly American game, and no one loves it less because some people claim rounders as its ancestor and others reject the claim with scorn.

As for indoor games, we may prove their nobility in just the same way. Chess comes down to us from the ancient Hindus, by way of Persia. Checkers were played in Egypt, and then in Greece and Rome. Cards made their appearance in Europe in 1350, and the Chinese say that they used them two centuries earlier than this. Tennis was certainly played in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. All these have grown, but they have not changed their nature.

Lawn tennis is only an offshoot of the old game of court tennis, said to have been brought into Gaul by Roman soldiers and still played. Again only a growth, not a new device. There is badminton—only a variation of the old pyramid game of checkers. How about parchesi? The pompous title, "A Royal Game of Persia," is based on the old parchesi board, is often thought to have been only an advertising device, but it was quite true. Parchesi, called by the Hindus pachisi, is widely played in Asiatic countries, and the Spanish explorers even found the Aztecs playing it under the name of patolli in Mexico, whether it may have been carried across the Pacific.

These and many other instances are worth thinking over deeply, for they teach a lesson. If any one is tired of the old games and wants something a little different, let him alter the old in the direction of growth rather than try to invent something quite different. The most successful inventors of games have followed this rule. Indeed it is more than a rule. It is a law of nature. You might as well try to please the human palate with food made out of sand and sawdust as to force boy or man to get enjoyment out of a game that does not contain the old, well tried game elements.—New York World.

"LYKENS VALLEY" COAL

NO WIDISCHARDIN BY
GARDINER B. REYNOLDS & Co
TWO CARBOYS LYKENS VALLEY and "CORBIN" RHD ASB

COAL!
Stove and Chestnut Sizes.

FARMERS

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